# ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

## AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

**Vol. XVIII.** **Philadelphia, May 11, 1839.** **Whole No. 928.**


The following touching and beautiful Stanzas appeared in the last number of the Knickerbocker. They are from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who has recently been deprived by "the end contest," of her excellent husband, Judge Smith. Mrs. Smith's many admirers will sincerely sympathize in which the sorrow stricken spirit will tenderly repose.

### A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's a-wooing both all around me are smiling
There are songs in the air—there's dance a health in the glass;
A peace of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
And all the world goes by with a merry light pace;
Too sunshine reigns at old winter is broken—
The swallow is flown, and the flower forth hath given,
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun hasteth forth from the helm of the morning
And through the blue ether he takes his bounding flower;
He summons the gladness, and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rare light all the lake's breathing flowers;
He mounts on the e sash and bridges he wore;
He wakes into music the bird's tiniest throat,
And gives the gay plume which is best the broad rivers love.

The young bud is set on his delicate pinion—
He roundly sails in the solitude sky;
A greeting to May, and her hurry of dreaming,
He pours on the wave wind's fog-n t night;
Around, where, on flower, the summer and dew-gem
The wild birds are singing—the heaven is bright,
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's spirit rejoices in beauty and love.

Alas for my weary and care haunted bosom!—
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
In the veil of the wood—the bloom of the hill—
The fresh smelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I sat to the streams—when I look on the flow'r,
They tell of the past with no mournful a tone,
But I call up the shadows of hours that are fled,
And sighs that their transports are ever and gone.
From the wide-spreading earth—from the luminous heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my world none so more is the hollow ore given,
Which constituted a part of a glorious dream.
The bloom-garbed landscape its loveliness forgetteth—
I deem that I glut as of old gids the water;—
But the eye of the stranger—the kindred—the friend—
Or seem lost my youth, and the vision is gone.

Yet it seems that age on my years hath descended—
I'm not that I once was—the sunshine is not the same—
But the summer and sweetness of Being are ended—
I feel not there love kindling w rthiey now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping—
Then are those who have loved me, darkened from the day.

The green turf is bright, where in peace they sin sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.
It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain—
And it eagerly turns to the high morning clearance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be gathered again!

Where no winter e'er sets, do mask rose cheek shall nourish—
Where no blight comes no longer the pure stems sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or man with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes, which to others are given,
Far out on the future, their anchors are cast,
To hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven.

I drink the blend are that enliven the day!
And if gentle Nature her lastrel keeping,
I delight in the sunshine—in beauty—in modernism—
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my hearth's holiest raptures are buried with them.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## AN ADVENTURE IN AVA.

BY MAJOR CALDWELL CAMPBELL.

It was on the 24th of February, 1826, that at Yandabo, in the kingdom of Ava, a treaty of peace was ratified between the British and Burmese nations. My health, which, from the hardships and exposure of a campaign in the Burmese territories, compare to the "land of the strange," had been so much undermined, that I was compelled to apply for leave to the shores of Madras independently; and now that peace began to wave her olive-boughs over the land, I was in hopes that my request would surmount the ruthless conflicts of war. I was anxious to get to the Presidency, and, if possible, to Madras, in search of that health for which change of scene and situation are first so vainly lied. The appointed day for the departure of the troops had arrived, was out the question, uncertain as to the country I was to pass through, and how I was to see the end need peace, which the victor army had wrung from the *Golden Foot*, would have appeared to me an instigation to the most desperate folly. The river, though not free from pirates, presented the means of procuring boats, and I had only to wait until the departure of that portion of the troops which formed the water-party should warrant my embarkation. But not to this was there no danger, and too willing to leave a campaign, whose only charm—that to me—was the prospect of a speedy return to my native land, left Yandabo on the 6th of March, in a small canoe, manned by three Burmese boatmen, and accompanied by two servants and an invalid sepoy.

I shall never forget the height to different beauty of that morning, as, bidding adieu to my brother officers, I stepped into the frail and tiny bark which was destined to convey me so safely to Rangoon. The banks of the beautiful river that we ascended, presented to the magnificent progress through a most unhappy country—even the ruins of villages, which, but a few days since, the devilish of the wretched—were lined with people; soldiers, Europeans and natives,—one, beginning to form, fish and game, which, from the exhilarating their scanty and coveted stores at exorbitant prices, were now offered to the troops in all need of them; and on the countenances of the soldiers the eye of imagination might trace the gleam of pleasure, no anticipations of a speedy reunion with their country, which might to truth be called "the land of the brave," and the home of the fair.

Above, too, the sky was as pure and unclouded as though the peace that reigned there was but the reflexion of that which was to take place on the battlefield day—and I sat under the wattled canopy which had been erected in the centre of my boat, thought which so nearly resembles the transitory and unsubstantial vapours of the opium-eater. However, as indulgence to fond and pleasing recollection, wrapping her patient in a dark but warm cloak, and with a candle at either end of my couch, the excitement of my feelings subsided; and I gazed around me and found myself in my lonely boat, with the banks of the Irrawaddy river, on which not another object was discernible, darker than ever. But not to this extent was I left alone, as the cannon-balls will duck at nightfall to their wonted roost.* Darkness crept immediately, but gradually—and it left, as regarded my feelings, upon the gathering clouds—it increased—still increased, until, in the midst of the gloom, I found myself fairly have got rid of it, and began to look out for a resting-place near which to moor their vessel. The river was unfrequented, and the site on every thing,—and as the banks which we neared were bluff and precipitous, and the water of a depth to be channeled, to the surest lightning which played capriciously around us, the settlements of some to their fortalice, and the glimmering of their watch-fires, were not to be discovered.

By this time the gale had grown to a storm, and did not the boatmen, who had formed for many days; and now the soothing accents of female sounds fell upon my ears, I should have thought that some of my youth. My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon my couch, where I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke forth a blessing on their kind Samaritans! with what delight did I look to the light of day! and how did my wounds wear a new, as the prospect of home presented itself to my imagination!

We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the child, as she knelt by my side. Is she not my child? the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! she was standing on the little deck of the boat, surrounded by a group of natives, and by the gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance, to whom I at once recognised the handsome or the brother.

His dress and bearing pointed him out as a man of consequence, and that I was in the presence of a female for many days; and now the soothing accents of female sounds fell upon my ears, and I thought that I was in the presence

# Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.


## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent "M." tells us very gravely in his third "essay," that he never infuses gall into his compositions. We are sorry—the gentleman evidently labors hard to do it. "M." appears to suppose that he was born under so lucky a star, that heaven designed him for a *lawyer* and a *wit*; we presume, however, that there has been a sad mis-entry in the family register. We would advise him to consult "Hague," and get a cast of his nativity.

"X." is under consideration.

"J. S. C." next week.

Samuel Arnold is authorized to act as travelling agent for *Atkinson's Evening Post and Saturday News.* He has appointed T. M. Scott, of Baltimore, as his coadjutor.

## A LIBEL SUIT.

It appears that Mr. Jarvis, the editor of the "World," has been bound over by Alderman Hay, in the sum of one thousand dollars, to appear at the next session of the Criminal Court, to answer for an alledged libel on *Dr. Huet!! Whew!!* Does Huet suppose that a jury can be found shameless enough to sustain him in the circulation of his indecencies. There is too much of the good *friendly* tone for morals in this city, to convict a man for an assault upon one of the strong holds of vice and immorality. The descendants of Penn have too strongly *innoculated* this community with their high moral virtues, their unyielding integrity, and their stern and unflinching opposition to wrong of every shade. Since the game is up, we imagine that Huet will hear the shout of many huntsmen, and we predict that Mr. Jarvis will be in at the death.

## THE PHILADELPHIA BUTCHERS.

A large meeting of the Butchers of the city and county of Philadelphia was held on Monday evening last, when it was unanimously agreed, that hereafter they will not pay more than ten dollars per hundred for cattle. They call upon the citizens to aid them in suppressing the pernicious practice of "forestalling," and we have no doubt that they will meet with the encouragement and support, which their praiseworthy endeavors demand. The practice of speculating in provisions has for a long time been the subject of complaint, and now that a serious combination is met by manful resistance, it becomes heads of families to lend all the aid in their power. The farmer, of course, is entitled to a fair price for his meat, and very rarely obtains more, but it is the practice of selling to drovers, who have of late become unprincipled speculators, that is deprecated. They have formed themselves into regularly organised bodies. The manner in which these forestallers and monopolizers manage their business appears to be thus:—When a demand for cattle is manifested either in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New York, or any other of the intermediate towns between the East and the West, a courier or express is immediately despatched to that point where the cattle are concentrated, and a requisition is made for such number only as will be necessary to maintain these unjust prices, and a scarcity of cattle—consequently, this combination of men have the control of the market, and extort from the Butcher, thus circumstanced, almost any price for their stock.

We hope that the position assumed by the Philadelphia Butchers will be maintained, and for ourselves we have vowed not to eat beef until the prices are down.

## THE NEWS.

The news by the Liverpool, is of quite a pacific nature. Great Britain understands her true interests. She has no desire to war with her own commerce, and to make an enemy of her best friend. There is some little blustering in the leading tory prints, but the arguments are directed more against Lord Palmerston and the Ministry than to the merits of the question at issue. The elements of a rebellion appear to be at work upon her own soil, and it is probable that she will have enough to do to calm the turbulence of the lower classes at home, without bringing the thunder of her guns, to bear upon so frivolous a question, as the controversy between Maine and New Brunswick has presented. Meanwhile all croakings upon the subject have ceased, and reasonable men on both sides of the water would start and stare at the bare mention of a probability of war between the two nations. The controversy will doubtless, be speedily brought to a termination by a satisfactory arrangement between the two governments.

## DR. CHAUNCEY.

The sentence of the court was pronounced on Monday last upon Dr. Henry Chauncey by Judge King. He was sentenced to five years hard labor and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary, to pay the costs of prosecution, and to stand committed till the sentence is complied with.

## AN INTERESTING TRIAL.

A trial of deep interest is now in progress in New York. It is an action instituted by the United States against Samuel L. Governeur, to recover \$100,560 ?/?, moneys had and received, balance alleged to be due the United States—the alleged indebtedness having been incurred while the defendant was officiating as Post Master of the city of New York. B. F. Butler and James H. Hamilton, Esq's. appeared on the part of the government, and for the defendant, Hon. Samuel L. Southard, Charles J. Ingersoll, J. P. Hall, and Jesse Oakley, Esqs. appeared.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The Concert at the Philadelphia Museum this evening, will be given by the accomplished vocalist, Mrs. Watson, assisted by some of the most popular performers.

The Chinese collection in the lower Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, is well worthy of a visit. The figures are arranged in groups in their native costumes, amid many thousand specimens of natural curiosities.

Catlin's Indian Gallery in the Saloon of the Arcade, is open to-day for the last time. We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the importance of paying it a visit before it is closed. It has been collected by the proprietor at great expense, who intends to remove it to Europe, where perchance it will remain.

At the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, may be seen the Panoramic Spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow. The proprietor also announces a short engagement of Mr. Skelline, the admired comic Lecturer and Ventriloquist.

The Exhibition of the Philadelphia Artists, should be visited by every lover of the fine arts. It is probable that it will not be open long. Exhibition rooms in Chesnut above Sixth streets.

## AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

An advertisement appears in several daily papers, which is calculated to excite considerable interest. We allude to that in which Mr. Evans, of Pittsburgh, offers \$5000 to any individual who may succeed in exploding a steam-boiler, to which the new apparatus, the invention of Mr. E. may be attached. The advertisement is accompanied with strong testimonials from gentlemen thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and the invention appears to be the best thing of the kind ever submitted to public consideration.

The editor of the Baltimore Patriot has been shown a \$50 counterfeit note on the Bank o United States—letter D. No. 813, dated Dec. 30, 1836, which at a hasty glance, appeared to be well executed.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN CASE.

The decision of the Supreme Court in bank, was delivered on Wednesday morning last. Chief Justice Gibson read the opinion of the Court on the motion for a new trial. The decision of the Court was, that the "exscinding resolutions of the Assembly of 1837, were constitutional, and that they were not to be considered in the light of a judicial sentence, but as a Legislative Act merely, and that the matter was not cognizable by a civil tribunal." A new trial was awarded.

Judge Rogers, stated, that to avoid any misunderstanding, he wished it to be understood that he adhered to his original opinion, and that he still considered the Act of the Old School party a judicial Act, that it was irregular and tyranical, and that consequently he had not assented to the opinion of his brethren of the bench.

It has been doubted whether the matter will be carried further, the weight of judicial opinion being so strong against the New School party. This is another of the thousand instances of a kind, which give evidence of the fallacy of human judgment. Here we have the opinion of a jury of twelve men and of a Judge upon one side of the question, and the positive decision of three Judges upon the other.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree."

## CASE OF DR. DYOTT.

The case of this individual still occupies the attention of the Court of Criminal Sessions. Mr. Stephen Simpson is, of course, the principal witness for the commonwealth, but the same mass of testimony will necessarily be waded through, as was presented before the Court when application was made for the benefit of the Insolvent act. During the delivery of the testimony of Mr. Simpson, the Doctor took occasion to call him a liar, and was finally removed from the bar of the Court at the instance of Judge Conrad, who said, "The situation of the prisoner, being a defendant in a criminal case, is sufficient to command the sympathy and kind feeling of the Court, and I feel disposed to deal kindly with every defendant, unless he forfeits his claim by his own conduct. His repeated breach of order cannot be excused. Let him be removed from out of the bar. If there were a criminal dock in the Court room, I should feel obliged to order him into it."

## HARRISBURG.

Tuesday last, was the day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature, but neither house had members present sufficient for a quorum. The Capitol appears to be filled with anxious expectants of office. Mr. Stevens had arrived, and a meeting of the opposite party had been held, to devise means to prevent him from taking his seat. It will be remembered that he refused, at the last session to have any thing to do with the House. It is supposed that there will be some difficulty about the matter, and we may therefore reasonably anticipate, another *wasted* session. We cannot omit saying with a cotemporary, that we sincerely hope that something more worthy of the representatives of the people of this State, will be transacted at the present session, than was enacted at the last.

The London Standard of Saturday, March 30, says, "We hear that the American Minister here has despatched proposals of such a nature to the American government from our ministers, that he expects the terms for the pacification of Maine will be accepted." These despatches may have come out by our last arrival with dates to the 28th—but have certainly made little noise yet. Perhaps they come by one of these arrivals.

An English paper says that at a late centenary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodists, at Dublin, Mr. Richards, of Wexford, announced his subscription of twenty-five guineas, part of which he said was intended for his youngest daughter, yet unnamed, but whom he meant to call *Centeliana Wesleyana.*

## CARRYING AWAY SLAVES.

The New Orleans Louisianian, of April 29th, states that that city has been invested with a set of fellows who are engaged in inveigling and carrying away slaves to Texas. A valuable slave having disappeared, attention was directed to detecting the one who made off with him. A Mr. S. N. Hite was arrested and committed to jail, a missing slave having been found secreted in his house. Hite was, at the time of his arrest, engaged very extensively in the sale of slaves, and enjoyed the confidence of the community to such a degree as to forbid the supposition that he would lend himself to such unlawful means to obtain them.

## FROM TEXAS.

New Orleans slips, of a late date, put us in possession of some additional items of intelligence from Texas. A steamboat lately ascended the Trinity river 400 miles, and could have gone higher up. The country on its banks is said to be settling rapidly. The soil is favorable to cotton. Lime, sandstone and coal have been discovered in the upper parts.

A wagoner, named Hooper, suspected of stealing some money at Galveston, was taken into the prairie about a mile from the town and whipped, though he persisted in asserting his innocence to the last. He subsequently identified one of the individuals concerned in the outrage, and had him fined \$100 and bound over in \$2000 to answer at court.

By the Houston papers, we learn that seven hundred men were in the regular army of Texas, and others enlisting daily. On the first instant, a party of Indians made an invasion near Franklin, and drove off eighty head of cattle and several horses. A letter writer from Robertson county says, trails of Indians are seen daily, and neither man, nor woman, nor child, nor cattle or other stock, are safe one hour unless protected by the militia.

The new capital of Texas is to embrace 7735 acres of ground, and extend three miles in front of the Colorado river. The site occupies and will effectually close the pass by which Indians and outlawed Mexicans have for ages past travelled east and west to and from the Rio Grande to eastern Texas.

The Grenada Bowie Knife of the 23d ult, says: "The Directory of the Grenada Savings Institution, met last Saturday, and made a bonfire of their issues to the amount of five or six hundred dollars. A week before seven or eight hundred dollars of their notes were burnt at the stake. We understand there are between eight and ten thousand dollars of this money still in circulation. The Directory are calling it in as rapidly as possible. They redeem with good funds at par, when they have any, or Brandon money, allowing 25 per cent. difference."

## CANADA.

Governor Arthur, of Upper Canada, has caused a circular to be addressed to the collectors of Cleveland and Oswego, apologising for the outrage committed upon the schooner Stephen Girard, of Oswego, bound to Cleveland, at Port Colbourne, on the Welland Canal, by a party of drunken militiamen. The Montreal Courier, of Friday, says, "The eight Americans, T. J. Sutherland, T. R. Culver, B. F. Pew, A. W. Partridge, H. L. Hull, Squire Thayer, Nathan Smith and Chauncey Parker, captured after the battle of Point au Pele, and confined since June, 1838, in the citadel, Quebec, were sent off yesterday morning to Upper Canada, escorted by a guard of the Royals."

## A REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.

Jonathan Mason, a soldier of the Revolution, died recently at Tamworth, (N. H.) in the 74th year of his age. It is related of him that he was taken prisoner by the British, and on being brought before Burgoyne, that General said to him, "Well, my lad, what do you think of yourself now?" His reply was, "I think you will all be prisoners within two weeks." The General then exclaimed, with an oath, "All the Yankees in America cannot make a prisoner of me!" In three weeks from that day, he and his army were prisoners.

# EPISODE OF THE SIDES.

FREE ADMISSION.

The Court of Common Pleas, Com. Elliott, was crowded on Monday last, and is now sitting every day at the Navy Yard. It consists of Commissioners Stewart, Biddle, and Patterson; John M. Read is Judge Advocate, and Lieut. Randall, with a number of midshipmen. Lieut. The Enquiry, it is supposed, will occupy about three weeks.

We understand that on Saturday morning John W. Forney, Esq., Secretary of the Senate, were subpœnaed by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the standing examiners of witnesses in the said Court.

The County Board met on Friday last, and fixed the rate of county tax for the county at 8 mills on the dollar, on the hundred dollars. The Board has authorized the County Commissioners to borrow $ 50,000 dollars at six per cent. to meet present liabilities, and on loan, sent, to the amount of 75,000 dollars at four per cent. to liquidate road damages absolutely confirmed by the Court.

*Accident.*—On Sunday last, as an omnibus containing several passengers was crossing the bridge at Gray's Ferry, the leading horses, when the vehicle was near the centre of the structure, became frightened, and broke the railing of the bridge, broke it, and were precipitated into the river. Their struggles to prevent their drowning the other horses, who were only secured to the pole by a chain, and the vehicle connected them with the leaders. We understand that a piece of the bridge was carried away in the river being saved by swimming them on shore, by some persons present.

The petition to the Legislature for charters to the new institutions for the encouragement and support of the fine arts, when in the House of Reps of the Ex lumps for signatures, where, I believe, it still rests for the present. It is a most creditable an object will call and record their names.

A man was found on shore near the Point House on Saturday last, who, from appearances, had been drowned a week or more. He had nothing on or about his person that would lead to the discovery of his name or residence.

The house and lot at the lower corner of Walnut's alley and Third street, now occupied as a banking house by Messrs. Jay, Cooke & Co., was purchased by some capitalists of this city, for $ 70,000. The house and lot were sold recently, and a splendid hotel, under the direction of Mr. Isaac Hazlehurst, is now erected on the whole premise.

The ship Samuel Marlin, Martin, of Wilmington, Del., from Liverpool, with 350 Irish, arrived on Sunday off Delaware Point—she was a very good sailer, for 30 or more days on board—was carrying sail at the time, and from what we can learn, the passengers and Robert Wharton promptly went to their assistance, and crew were all safely taken off the wreck.

We learn that the old Alms House (Friendly) in Walnut street, below Third, is to be sold in ninety-nine years; and we may, therefore, now expect the sound of the relic of olden time.

## NEW YORK.

Mr. Alon Wood, the celebrated mechanic, was killed a few days since at Utica, by being crushed between the cars of the Erie Railroad, and is constructing a bridge on the canal, and which were hurried down by a boat passing.

The "Erie Canal" is closed for the season, in spite of its name, would not cut the gordian knot. Hymen. It is now commencing to freeze, and includes the names of 150 forlorn Benedicts of all ages, sizes and conditions, who have applied to the Commissioners to the widows in Cape Cod, who want 1,000.—N. Y. Star.

*Forgery.*—The New York Morning News reports that on Saturday night an importing merchant, believed to be a native of the province of Lower Canada, in attempting to pass a forged money for sale or deposit, according to the "Journal of Commerce."

Amount of New York canal tolls for the first seven days in April, 1839—$16,247 39—or an increase of $9,000 50 over the amount for the corresponding last year.

The canal tolls collected at Buffalo, N. York, for the last six days of navigation, were $3,425 ; same days last year, $1,506 17; increase $1,750 38.

*Another Steamboat Burnt Up.*—The steamboat Swallow, Capt. Hedges, from the Albany and Troy, was burned on Thursday evening, and it is supposed that she will be a total loss. Among the three other boats bound to Albany.

*A Good Rule.*—Yesterday, a lady, the wife of one of the editors of the Journal of Commerce, was instead of to go on board the ferry boat, just as she was starting from the pier, a man with a dray, who came with one way and took the other of the boat, and was off. The lady, finding she was already on her outward bound passage, made the best of it, and went on to Albany and Troy, and had for the gallantry of two brave men, who would have risked their lives to save a fellow creature from drowning.—*N. York Sunday Morning News.*

*Mutiny.*—An outrageous result occurred on the evening of the 3d inst. on board the ship Hudson, of Hutchinson, which had just arrived from Liverpool, and was lying at the foot of Rector street, as due. From the detailed accounts we have received of the affair, it appears that a number of the crew (Irishmen) upon the Captain and attacked him with fist and cudgel, in the course of which, unfortunately, till fire arms were resorted to—the Captain and Mate using pistols, the contents of which took effect, and they then retreated. The Captain was not killed outright, but the fracture of the ringlets he Gilbert Mahoney, who he received a ball in the head, and died soon after coming to the shore, and was yet at large.—*N. York Sunday Herald.*

## SOUTHERN.

*Horse of the Marine Waves.*—Fort Fairfield, on Aroostook border, has been ravaged by fire destroying 150 houses and barns, and a great accumulation of war, &c. Loss, $40,000.

Accounts from the East say that the New Brunswick line of packets will commence running by the breaking up of the ice. The Amethyst left on Monday.

The troops have at last all been paid off at Penobscot, and the barracks sold at auction for $ 1,000. The passengers in the steamboat Eclipse *Prince Caliban.*—Mr. Meander Moody, of this city, has a pair of cattle that girth 18 feet 6 inches, which weighed 4375 pounds! They were good grass and partly oil cakes—we believe this is the many days.—*Bangor Courier.*

*Needle Infantry.*—Mr. Barnard's regt of needlers, mentions that a lad, fifteen years old, they found the school, who had undertaken their number, and made the first day's work, He got $ 2.75 as a premium office, and pays $2 at a boarding house each week.

The Supreme Court at Boston, on Tuesday, Adams, late cashier of the Patron Bank, charged by the jury, almost without the court, at the close of his trial.

—The paper mill of Mr. Peter C. Jones, Worcester county, was set on fire by lightning, burnt to the ground. It was insured, we believe, for $4000.—*Boston Atlas.*

*Individual Outrage in Hartford.*—The Hartford Courant says that during some villain on board the ship, planted a heavy torpedo on the deck of the ship, and then left the vessel and went on shore and fired it off. The explosion blew open the cabin door, and the force of it threw the door to the back end of the store, where it struck a barrel of molasses, and literally emptied it. The windows in the buildings on the opposite side of the street were slightly injured, and the store ship on the wharf, being the receiving ship. An individual named Hall was arrested on suspicion of having fired the act.

*Large Nest.*—A shark was taken on board the ship Ann Parry, lying at the wharf at this port by Mr. Mallard, which measured 18 feet. In the stomach of the shark was found a nest of 7 wolves ratsbane, contained 31 inches apart; and 14 inches wide at the widest part.—*Savannah Georgian.*

The day previous to taking him, a large sturgeon was caught in the river, and cut out, and took one more. After which, a female was taken with a harpoon by Mr. Mallard, of the master of the deep was shortly taken from *Jour. Com.*

*Disinterred.*—This State is entirely free from land sales, at this time is only the loan and internal improvement bonds. The Governor of the State issues during the year $ 1,000,000. The interest on $ 5,000,000 is $ 300,000. The school fund amounts to $ 1,000,000. There are 99,967 enrolled militia in this State.

The General Assembly of Maryland is to ply regularly between that city and Charleston.

*Extraordinary Expedition.*—Attention was attracted last Saturday to five spears of Asparagus, produced by Mr. Wm. Cammack, on the heights of Georgetown, and exhibited at his vegetable stand in the Centre Market. These extraordinary vegetables were weighed by the market master, and ascertained to amount to one pound and a half! We never knew in the course of our lives, five spears of this delicious esculent to weigh so much as these.—*Baltimore paper.*

## WESTERN.

*St. Louis, Mo.*—The official census of St. Louis has been completed, and the population of the city proper is found to be 16,527. What is remarkable even for the West, the male population of the city is to the female (according to a statement in the Argus,) as nearly two to one or about 66 to 45.

*Ohio.*—The spirit of internal improvement still pre-dominates in Ohio, as if did three years ago. A police given to it by the example of Clinton and Wayne, Franklin and Union have promptly come forward and subscribed $ 450,000 for the Fast Fork canal, so that the charter, if the instalments are paid, as they doubtless will be, is realized with, and we will be on the continuous General Harrison and Mr. Clay are spoken of as candidates in reference to the election of 1840. Richmond and the whole of the beautiful valley of the White Water will be interested in other advantages from this work.

*Theft.*—The Louisville, (Ky.) Reporter says, the Eastern dealers are in that county, leaving cattle on foot for the New York market. They have purchased 4 cents, and sell at a handsome profit.

*Michigan.*—The Michigan Legislature have adjourned after a session of 13 weeks, in which they passed $250,000 of appropriations for railroads, improving rivers, &c.

It is not known where the money is to come from, as there is a debt of $500,000 already belonging to the State, and that virtually lost by the Eastern dealers. Governor Mason has vetoed the bill giving relief to the set-off banks.

The branches of the State Bank of Michigan have been established at Detroit, Monroe, Mount Clemens, Monroe, Adrian, Ann Arbor, Jackson, Marshall and Niles.

The Michigan Legislature resent the State Bank to be in a bad condition—the deficit some $200,000. Governor Mason has vetoed the bill—probably lost.

The Legislature of Michigan have passed a law prohibiting, under severe penalties, the running of any car or other vehicle on any public road, on Sunday, except in cases of emergency, which must be certified to by some public officer.

*Terrible Accident.*—A passenger arrived on her arrival at Peisburgh, Kentucky, the 21st ult. She was found to be on fire, and soon sunk. She had a valuable cargo on board, and among the Decatur Bank—about $10,000 of this, in part belonging to the Decatur Bank—and another cargo will be lost.

*Steamboat Losses.*—Upwards calculate on an augmentation of no less than 40,000 souls to their population, by the end of the year. The sales during the last 40,000 vessels for sale there.

*Several Gambling Houses.*—Mr. Macoin, one of those who were prosecuted for being concerned in the late gambling transactions, was yesterday before the criminal court, and I not guilty. The Judge has not yet passed sentence—the fine fixed is not less than 1000, or more than 5000 dollars.

We understand that the attorney-general is about to commence a criminal prosecution against a gentleman who stands high in the world of politics.—*N. O. Louisianian.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fires in the West Indies.*—It has been a fortunate thing for the West Indies that the Mexican vessel's cargo has been brought to so much better than it is impossible to find respectable names for them. One is called the "Dirt Creek Bank," which borrows rags on some hindered factory, to enable its bankers to pay fire dollars on a one hundred of the capital stock.

*Cold Blooded Murder.*—The Natchez Free Trader of April 17th, gives an account of a deliberate and fiendish murder at Chester Bayou, in Eastern State. We perceive the county of Wayne, Franklin and Union have promptly come forward and subscribed $ 450,000 for the Fast Fork canal, so that the charter, if the instalments are paid, as they doubtless will be, is realized with, and we will be on the continuous General Harrison and Mr. Clay are spoken of as candidates in reference to the election of 1840. Richmond and the whole of the beautiful valley of the White Water will be interested in other advantages from this work.

*Theft.*—The Louisville, (Ky.) Reporter says, the Eastern dealers are in that county, leaving cattle on foot for the New York market. They have purchased 4 cents, and sell at a handsome profit.

*Michigan.*—The Michigan Legislature have adjourned after a session of 13 weeks, in which they passed $250,000 of appropriations for railroads, improving rivers, &c.

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# THE OLIO.

*Variety's the Spice of Life,*
*That gives it all its flavour.*

## TOUCH THY HARP, MY FAIREST.

BALLAD—BY ARCHER CLIVE, ESQ.

Touch thy harp, my fairest,
And soothe my soul to peace,
The gentle smile thou wearest
Can bid e'en passion cease.
Thou art so like my mother
In beauty, form, and worth,
Than whom I deemed none other,
So bright could grace the earth.

Dry those tears, my dearest,
That dim those eyes of blue:
With thy smile thou cheerest
A soul subdued, but true.
Sing, dearest, sing of pleasure,
'Tis balm for all my pain:
Thou art life's only treasure—
Oh! strike the chords again!

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While Joe moves all too quick, or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe;
But Nick (sly rogue!) is ne'er too slow, nor quick
The nick of time, is still the time of Nic!

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THE SUBLIME.—The *Sherborne Mercury*, in describing a ball which took place last week in Dorsetshire, says:—"Dancing was kept up with great spirit until Sol doffed his nightcap and squinted through the sky!"

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Poor Tom three wives has fairly reckon'd;
A vixen was the first;
A bitterer bargain still the second;
And then the third, and worst.
Prithee, dear Tom, hear wisdom's word!
So many trials past!
Since change the worst was change the third,
Make change the third——the last!

---

"Will you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a Quaker merchant.

"Well, I don't exactly know. When thee resets thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside of where it stood before?"

"Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood."

"Does thee? Well, thee shall have credit in my store for any thing thee wants."—*Greensboro' Pat.*

---

Doctor Channing says, "*God be thanked for books!*" Not without some discrimination, we would add. Books may be bad as well as good. Some books are written for conscience sake; and some for copy-right's sake. Some books have been written by lovers of truth, and others by those who were more in love with their own opinions than truth. Books that are intended for children should be selected with even more care than the food which is intended to nourish their bodies.—*Pic.*

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BE EASY.—A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with the English language, being introduced into a circle of young ladies in Boston, after the usual ceremonies had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young girl; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance, however, expressing the emotion of his heart) he seized her by the hand. She requested him to "be easy"—which he mistaking for the French word, *baise*—(kiss me)—began kissing her to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.

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Almost every individual of the human family has by nature a particular talent, which when brought into requisition, and applied to some exclusive object cannot but be attend with commensurate succes; but the man who vainly conceives that he can succeed in every thing, seldom becomes eminent in any. It is absurd policy to commence a dozen projects together, or even to begin a second before the first has been rendered permanently successful.

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SPRING AND POETRY.—The editor of the Cincinnati News has had his imagination exalted by the poetic influences of spring, and thus pours out the tide of song.

"And now the merry ploughboy
Whistles his morning song:
Along the dale, and through the vale
'Tis echoed loud and long.
The farmer's flocks are roving free,
And on the budding shrubbery
His spouse's
Cowses
Browses,
And the martins have returned, and found
A welcome to our houses;
And the little niggers run around
Divested of their trouses."

---

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is something inexpressibly touching in a sister's love. Her heart is a realm of pure and unearthly affections, and happy should that brother be to whom she clings through the changing scenes of the blighting world. She has been his companion from childhood, she watched the development of his mind and person, she has admonished him when wrong, and smiled upon his triumphs—she has peopled his mind with the rare and beautiful treasures of her own, she has taught him those virtues which will render him a useful member of society, prepare him for death, and embalm his memory when he has passed away. Sooner can you bind the free wind than seal up the springs of such mysterious affections. They will flow on, and the desert and cave cannot resist their progress. And as sorrow and misfortune strip from life its charms and dreams, there is one recollection that will come like music to a brother's heart—that will thrill upon its darkened and troubled depths with a strange yet sweet melody, and bring up scenes of home and childhood; long unremembered by him. It is the recollection of a sister's love.

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ARAB TACITURNITY.—A celebrated poet of Bagdad had heard one of his brethren of Damascus so highly extolled, that he determined to visit him, and learn for himself whether he merited the reputation he enjoyed. He arrived at Damascus, after a journey of two months. The customary salutation having passed, he apprised his host of the purpose of his visit. The poet of Damascus took the manuscript of a history he was composing, and read some extracts to his guest. The latter listened in silence until the reader made an end, and then said,

"*You are the greatest writer in prose*"——

He remounted his dromedary, and rode back to Bagdad without another word. After a while the citizen of Damascus thought it might be well to return this visit. He reached Bagdad in two months. The Aristarchus who had given an opinion of his prose received him silently but for old acquaintance sake made him be seated. The new comer not to interrupt his host unnecessarily, drew at once from his pocket a manuscript poem, and read some pages. The man of Bagdad listened attentively, as before, and at the end of the reading, he remarked in continuation of the sentence suspended for six months,

"——and in verse."

They separated without exchanging another syllable.—*Impressions of Travel.*

## THE PROFESSOR AND THE STUDENT.

A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburg, now no more, having desired the students to give him a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Joannes Ovum Novum."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was one of those dark Latin passages, to decypher which even the skill of Beatly would have failed, or that it was a hoax.

He therefore the next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand.

One of his pupils immediately rose.

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar indeed, sir or you would never have written such stuff as "Joannes Ovum Novum." That can't be your name, sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you could find better Latin; my name is John Agnew. Ovum for egg, (Ag) Novum, for new; Ovum Novum—egg-new."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger on his forehead, and looking on his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant exclaimed in a pitiful voice—

"Alas! alas! something wrong here, I doubt."

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum."—"Something may be *wrong there*; but," striking his hand upon his own forehead, "there is nothing wrong *here!*" THEODORE HOOK.

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The company of wits is courted; but we prefer the intimacy of a man of thoughtfulness and reflection. The most we can promise ourselves from the former, is diversion and merriment; but we depend on the latter for solid substantial services. The first is like sunshine without rain, pleasant but unprofitable: the second like a most fertile climate, which though cloudy and less enlivening, yet repays the dweller with plenty.

## THE LONE WIDOW.

* * * In one cottage at Glengariff was a widow, who was childless. She was busily employed in knitting; the pittance thus gained was little, yet a little is often precious in an Irish home, where it is mostly expended in clothing—rarely in food. Her face was pale, and the eye bright with that appealing look that instantly touches another's feeling; its effect was aided by the clear and almost musical voice, often heard among the Irish women. In her husband's time they had lived in comparative plenty and comfort, by his daily labor. He had died almost in his youth, and she, too, was still young; and they had known no sorrows till this first and latest, for she seemed to think that every other yet to come must fall lightly. The Irish are said to be quickly forgetful of benefits received, or love enjoyed; that their powerful emotions are like their rains, fierce and brief. But this is not so; their domestic attachments are strongly felt, and often long remembered. The neighbors and villagers are mutually kind in feeling and conduct. It is often pleasant to watch the looks and hear the expressions of this poor people to each other, and the sympathy taken in each other's hour of bereavement. The sorrow of this woman seemed to be brooded over, as if she loved it more than any other thing. In the midst of her employment the look was absent; yet she took pleasure in telling of her loss, and how she was early left a widow, and lived so happy with her husband, and seldom left her home, save to go to the chapel, and to visit the place of his rest, which she kept clean and fresh, though it was only a grassy mound. It was a hard thing to pay the priest his tribute out of such destitution, yet it was always done, once a quarter, and at the end of the year. She loved her native glen, which it was evident no temptation, or even suffering, could ever induce her to forsake. This faithfulness was a beautiful trait; the more so, when so many of her country-people were willing to leave their country and hamlet, for better wages and food. There was something of the imaginative, not rare among the peasantry, in this woman's thoughts: she evidently reflected for herself. With poverty and sadness beside the hearth, what a priceless possession was even this measure of mind—the light of the spirit, sharpened, perhaps, by the strength of her grief! Her figure was fine, her features full of expression, and her dress carefully neat. A more impressive being is rarely met with in an Irish home. Beside that spot she now loved the best in the glen, by night, as well as by day, one could picture her lament for the lost:

Alone, beside my husband's grave,
Here hath the midnight found me;
The deep blue midnight, like a pall
Of solemn beauty round me.

Not here to watch the morning light
Break sadly on that silver sea;
Morn wears not now the radiance bright
It wore in happier years to me.

I hear the ocean pealing,
That hope is o'er;
And every echo through the red vaults stealing
Breathes of "no more!"

Is it the night-wind sighing
Sadly o'er vale and river?
Is it not death—a silent voice—replying,
"Soon shalt thou rest for ever?"

How beautiful!—how beautiful!
My vale, whose roses fill the air;
Whose cedar, yew, and sycamore,
Seem natural temples made for prayer.

But each rose wears a deeper dye,
A hue prophetic of my doom;
And every lofty forest bough
Droops heavy round my widowed home.

Yes! let me weep, and let me pray;
See day by weary day depart,
Ah! what avail my wasted years?
And what avails my breaking heart?

And is it much for life to ask
A little rest before the last?
To my lost house of hope and love
Come back again—the angel past!

Glengariff! thou art still my home,
And thou ere long must be my grave;
I know it—yet I would not roam,
No, not this fleeting life to save.

And if there lie o'er him and me
This grassy bank—this flower-deck'd sod,
So let it be—so let it be,
If but the spirit rest with God!

Letters from Ireland—New Monthly Mag.

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MODE OF WRITING ON GLASS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—Dissolve chalk in aqua fortis, to the consistency of milk, add to that a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter, well stopped. Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper on the decanter, which you are to place in the sun, in such a manner that its rays may pass through the space cut out of the paper, and falls on the surface of the liquor.—The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black and that under the paper will remain white. You must observe not to move the bottle during the time of the operation.—*Hooper's Recreations, vol. IV. p. 143.*

## TOO LATE FOR CHURCH.

An old negro in Connecticut who had always been very constant in attending church and prided himself furthermore on being among the first there, happened one morning to be detained far beyond the usual hour.

"John," said Cuffee, as he stood carding his wool for the occasion, "hab de kindness to tell me what a clock him be."

"Can't tell you Cæsar, the clock has stopped, I should think it was pretty considerable late."

"Ise would'nt be exposed if 'twar half hour top o' dat," returned Cæsar, and mogged across lots to church, as fast as his bandy legs could carry him. He entered toward the end of the sermon, just as the parson was reiterating his text for the last time. "The last shall be first and the first last."—Cuffee turned upon his heel and went out exclaiming:

"Dat mean me—I come last, but Ise out fuster, any how, de next time dis niggar goes late to meetin he no go at all."

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"How are you Tom?" said a tall Mississippian the other day, to a long double jointed, gangle legged sort of a customer.

"How am I?" asked he with a hiccough.—"why I'm the victim of a coince"—here he staggered against the corner of the canal bank.

"You are, eh! what sort of a coincidence" there's something of the dunce about you, judging from the way you're drunk," said the other.

"Well I am all fired drunk that's a fact—but the coincidence is sober as sage cheese—(hiccough.) You see I dreamed I got married the other night and bought a lottery ticket—well it all come to pass—Betty Dicker jumped right up when I asked her, and said "yes" quicker than a dead coon would quit a pecan—I come down to Orleans yesterday, and I went my five dollars "flat on the counter" of a little man called Coan, somewhere in Common, or uncommon, street, No. 70, didn't I draw? that's what I call a *Coan-cidence.*"—*N. O. Picayune.*

## THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

The scenes which sometimes occur during the chase and capture of the whale, defy description. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a south-seaman, cruising in the North Pacific ocean, at its Japanese confine—and only the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming "There she spouts!" The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "Whereaway?" but perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe, his large hump projecting three feet out of the water, when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of "there again!" keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking, a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them; and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale, three or four boats are down and darting through the water with their utmost speed toward their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant of

"Away! my boys, away! my boys, 'tis time for us to go."

But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing, they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boat approaching. The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim, "ah, he is going down!" yet he's out again, but slowly the water is again seen agitated around, the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his "small" rising in preparation for his descent; "he will be lost they exclaim for the boats are not near enough to strike him, and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength to claim the honor of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow boat has the advantage of being nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising, his "small" is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly along side of the gigantic creature.—"Peak your oars," exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner; in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim and is buried deeply into the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up," that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or "pole" of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who, with his vast tail, strikes in the direction of his enemies. Now his head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing every where, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the iron has inflicted. The water all round him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sound of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea can be heard for miles.—*Beal's Natural History of the Sperm Whale.*

## VOLCANIC ISLANDS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The heaving up of volcanic matter from the bottom of the sea to such a height above the surface of the water as to form an island which may be safely trodden, is a rare and interesting occurrence. That such things frequently happened at a former, and probably an early period of the earth's history, is quite evident from the great number of islands which are found to be of volcanic origin; but an event of this description taking place in our own time, is calculated to fix attention, as much from its novelty as from its extraordinary nature. In July, 1831, an island was thrown up between Sicily and Pantellaria, in the following remarkable manner. About the 10th of July, a column of water like a water-spout, sixty feet in height, and afterward a cloud of vapor, were observed rising from the sea at the place where the island afterward made its appearance. No fire was seen until the 17th, when the master of a London brig was able to distinguish flame; and it is probable that at this period the land began to emerge from the water. On the night of the 18th, flashes of brilliant light, mingled with smoke, were distinctly visible by the light of the moon; and so remarkable were the appearances, as to induce the commander of one of his Majesty's ships to steer for the spot, for the purpose of examining them more closely. A large column of smoke was seen towering above the sea to a considerable height, and from the midst of it pillars of lurid fire shot up, and then subsided, the column, which was formerly dark, gradually becoming white. This alternation of eruption and repose, of white and black, continued during the whole night. On the following morning a small hillock of a dark green color was seen rising a few feet above the surface of the ocean, but it continued only visible at intervals between the more violent eruptions. The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, together with vast quantities of steam. On soundings being taken, no bottom was found till those who made the experiment were within twenty yards of the island. The form of a crater was now clearly discernible. It seemed to be composed of fine cinders and mud of a dark brown color; and within it was descried, during the pauses of the eruptions, a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running over the sides into the sea. All this time showers of hot stones or cinders shot upward a few yards, and then fell into the gulf whence they were ejected. One of the eye-witnesses observes regarding these eruptions: "No words can describe their sublime grandeur. Their progress was generally as follows: After the volcano has emitted for some time its usual quantities of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust, rushing upward to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea on all sides with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. This steam was at first of a brown color, having embodied a great deal of the dust. As it rose it gradually recovered its pure white color, depositing the dust in the shape of a shower of muddy rain. While this was being accomplished, renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee side, where they often made imperfect water-spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty sparkling dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared more than half a foot in diameter, and most of them were much smaller."

## APPROACH TO THE LAKE OF GLANMORE.

At the distance of fifteen miles, far in the mountains, was the Lake of Glanmore, not often visited, of which report spoke highly. We set out with a guide. The fierce sunshine was broken by masses of white clouds, driven slowly by the breeze that came from Bantry Bay. The way was, at first, a long ascent through the mountains above Glengariff, by many a lonely turn and height; then for many miles along the Bay of Bantry, which merits but a portion of the praise generally given to it. The bold and barren Hungry Mountain was in front at a short distance; the hamlets were few, and then a gentle descent to the village of Adrigoil, near an arm of the bay, so enclosed that it looked like a mimic lake. The wildness, yet the softness of the site of Adrigoil, is admirable. Its miniature church is at the mountain's foot, a faint resemblance of the exquisite village and chapel of Montreux in the Canton de Vaud. The scattered cottages of Adrigoil are neat, whitewashed, some inhabited by farmers, and half shrouded in their trees. The church is recently built, has a tasteful and even elegant appearance, within whose walls assemble about twenty Protestants; the Romish population of the parish is two thousand. The vicarage rears its white front quite alone, among the trees on the bank and close to the water. Turning to the right and up a long valley, the guide did not seem certain of the way; a farmer who came up sent a shrewd and handsome Irish boy, who belonged to his household, to be our guide to Glanmore. This was a fine-looking and hospitable man, who seemed at ease in his possessions, and pressed us earnestly to enter his house, but the sun was already declining. Near his house are the ruins of an ancient chapel, so venerated by the people that they bring their dead many miles to it, from mountain and glen. He said it was an impressive sight, the coming down of the vale of a great company of mourners from afar off, raising the deathwail as they come. They forsake their own burial ground to lay the departed in the old ruin and its cemetery. Turning to the left, another and wilder valley opened—a thorough wilderness, treeless and homeless; no scattered sheep on its sides; it was marshy in many places from the late rains. The track, sometimes lost, was hardly found again, and we were obliged to dismount, and walk among the crags, bushes and pools.

At last, from the top of the farthest height, we saw the lone and beautiful Lake of Glanmore beneath. Descending the mountain, another valley opened on the left—a deep seclusion, whose green pastures and winding stream were darkly enclosed by ragged mountains. Glanmore had no welcome, no home for the stranger. The smoke rose from lonely cabins here and there. Its rich shore was voiceless. On its isle there was a dwelling, whose white walls promised a refuge within, could we get at it; but the windows were closed, and there was no sign of a fire or host in the island-home. An oarless boat was on the strand, and as we looked wistfully round, a peasant hastily approached.

"Can you tell me where are the oars that belong to this boat, that we may row to that cottage?"

"Will your honor excuse my boldness; but where do you live when you're home?"

"Four or five hundred miles off."

"And is that the farthest part of England from here? and did your honor come by sea-water?"

Passing on in hope of more intelligence, in about ten minutes we met another peasant, respectably clad, his blue cloak gracefully worn, his look kind, his manner earnest, as indeed is ever the manner of the Irish peasant: no dullness or slowness of speech, or thought; the look, words and gestures, mostly keep time together—sly, droll, or extravagant though they be; but curiosity is a master-passion in the country places.

"Can you tell me if there is a lodging to be got in the neighborhood?"

"Is it a lodgin' your honor wants?" said the peasant. "If you were but going the same way with myself to my home up the valley, and I would be an honor to me."

"Do you live in that valley on the left, that I saw as we came down the mountain?"

"Isn't it a pleasant place?—quite a sweet lonesome place, your honor. Wouldn't we be happy to see you there!"

"But is there no house near by?"

"And where is such a lodging as Paddy Sia's in the whole neighborhood?—quite illigant, with a clane bed, and all kinds of mate at any hour of the day, and milk and bread also. Does your honor see that rock that stands by itself away from the water, and the red marks on the face of it near the top? (This was a fine mass of rock about eighty feet high, isolated at some distance from the lake.) In the last struggle a chief of the rebels was taken; and after putting him to death with many wounds, they hanged him off the top of the rock, to be a warnin' to the rest—and his blood's upon the rock, and there it is to this day: the winter's storms and rains can't wash it out, nor the summer's heat dry it up."

Following his direction, a quarter of a mile brought us to the vicinity of the dwelling. The birds of the air seemed to have carried the matter—a group had assembled to greet the stranger's arrival—the eldest of whom a little man, whose hair was white, painted with a solemn air down a little lane, at the end of which his white cottage, amidst some trees and green hedges, received us. How welcome was the turf fire, blazing high! We sat down by its side, wet and weary, yet disposed to be happy, for we had begun to feel friendless in the wilderness; and a home was opened to us, even against hope, of the patriarch of the lake. The pigs had, perhaps, been ejected; the children certainly put under cover, in corners, cupboards, or dark places. In about a quarter of an hour, one head was projected, and then another, then a body or two crept on the floor, that had been swept with magical haste; at last some six or seven little Sha's, of various statures and hushed voices, were in full view.—*Letters from Ireland—New Monthly Magazine.*

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The following is an interesting extract of a letter from Sir Walter Scott, to a young relation, in which he depicts in a very forcible manner the necessity of industry, of labor, in every station of life:—

"I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life—there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is indeed this great difference that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies, and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth, our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of old age unrespected and desolate."

## FASHIONS IN DRESS.

The fashions of the ladies have by no means kept pace with those of the gentlemen in their approach to civilization. Perhaps it would be impossible for our tailors to improve very greatly upon our pantaloons as they are at present.—They are constructed to the shape of the wearer, and, when not too tight, their flexibility is quite sufficient for all the ordinary purposes of movement and society. There are no bulgings or puckering, no slashings or furbelows, upon them; but all is neat simple, and plain, as the dress of a gentleman should be. All unnecessary expenditure of cloth is avoided, all inconvenient garnishings dispensed with, and the garment neither fetters the movement nor exhibits an idle desire of display on the part of the wearer, by its excess or superfluities. It is now reduced in its plan to the most useful standard, and it will be a difficult thing for a tailor to effect any material alteration in it now. It will certainly be next to impossible for him to get us back to the big bags, the plaited and puckered, and hugely-pocketed apparatuses which to a former and less civilized period were recognised as breeches and pantaloons. There may be a few young persons, to whom notoriety in dress is important, as it supplies, or seems to supply, all the deficiencies whether of brains or body, who will appear breeched and braided with excrescences, in compliance with the notions of kindred persons in other and bigger cities; but the common-sense men and the gentlemen, every where, will keep as closely to the present cut as good nature and the consideration due to a tailor's reputation will allow. But civilization cannot now make any great advance in the article of breeches.

But, if we are thus highly eulogistic of the breeches of the gentlemen, what shall we say of the frocks of the ladies, which seem to have been constructed on principles diametrically opposite. They neither resemble the shape of the woman nor of any other known animal on the face of the earth; and what with their flaps and fringes, their loops, bends, folds and flounces—enfeebling and expensive additions—they entirely lack that symmetry and simplicity which should alone distinguish the costume of a well-bred lady. In fact their dresses are surrendered to the taste of mere mantua-makers, half of whom are mulattoes, and it calls for no great stretch of sagacity, to determine what sort of fashions should spring from such sources. The dress of a lady, like that of gentlemen, should be framed as much in compliance with just principles as the architecture of a fine dwelling house, or of a noble temple. If the architect makes a difference in his plan when called upon to build a palace in a valley, from that which he employs in the erection of a temple upon a mountain, as strong is the necessity of the mantua maker to distinguish between a tall lady and a short one. But no such distinction is made. The dumpy little wadding woman, four feet four, wears precisely the same style of dress with the ghostly, ghastly damsel, just emerging from her teens in single blessedness, and full five feet ten; and the one rolls along like a favorite duck with the craw well filled and fattening for the Sunday table, while the other like an unhappy crane, caught in a forbidden place, barely strives to move naturally away, with the drag and drapery of a mighty fish-net about her. The leading difference between the shapes, the height and the bulk of women, producing no manner of change in the habits which they wear, is, of itself, sufficient to show that their costume-makers are the merest sempstresses, who have neither art, ingenuity, nor observation, to recommend them; and more than any thing beside, should force upon every lady the necessity of being, to a certain extent, the architect and general deviser of her own garments. The plan should come from her, though the mechanical labors should be thrown into the hands of the mantua-maker.—She should say that, "as I am tall, I need a garment which may be rather elaborate;" or, "as I am fair, I need such or such a color," or, "as I am dumpy and squat, I require something which shall not make me seem more so," and so on, resolving that her habit should be united to her figure, her complexion, and her resources—neither of which matters is often within the just comprehension of the mantua-maker, who knows but of one arbitrary standard, which is applied to all shapes and sizes, precisely after the fashion of the bed of Procrustes, who, as he was a man, was most probably a tailor; and whose wife, for aught we know, might have been, and should have been, a fashionable mantua maker.

Perhaps there is really no art, no polite art, which calls for so much nicety, good taste, and proper judgment, as that of dress. Certainly the dress of a gentleman or lady, in most cases, will convey some general idea of the mind and tastes of the wearer. If the dress of a gentleman be slovenly, he will most probably chew tobacco, possibly frequent porter shops, eat crackers and cheese, talk loudly, swear like a trooper, and wind up the week with a carouse, setting the town to rights. If that of a lady be so, her chamber will doubtlessly be in sad disorder—her night-dress will lie on one chair—a disordered petticoat on another, or the floor—her tooth brush on the toilet—an assortment of undarned stockings in a corner of the closet, and the bed will always have an impression of her form. If, on the other hand, the habits of either be distinguished by extreme tidiness—if the brooch be always in the right place—if the shirt collar of the one and the tippet of the other be so nicely set that the wearer shall dare never to move either to the one side or to the other, through fear of discomposing them—you may safely set these parties down as mere pincushion and puff-powder people—of small minds incapable of lofty purposes, and generous, warm, unselfish feelings. They are emphatically small people.

But the varieties of character indicated by the dress, are too numerous to permit more than a passing consideration. The true gentleman, and high-minded lady, will just so far accord respect to existing fashions as not to excite attention nor occasion remark. It is your vain youth, and silly damsel, who seek to attract consideration to their costume. To be always neat, clean, comfortable, and at the same time unconspicuous, are the objects of proper-minded persons, when arranging their toilet. If more than this be required, fashion becomes a tyranny, and its followers the merest slaves; and then, too, the most petty, feeble and idle that ever made their own monster, and debased themselves in its worship.

The Grecian female costume was perhaps the simplest as it was one of the sweetest in the world. We speak of the ancient Greeks—that of the moderns is gaudy, gorgeous and Asiatic. The pure white was the color, and the free flowing robes—just sufficiently close to develope the outlines of the several limbs, yet not so close as to restrain their movements—would seem the very perfection of art, as it combined simplicity with the utmost grace, and at the same time freed the wearer from all suspicion of having dwelt longer at her toilet than was consistent with other duties, and a proper modesty in the estimate of her own charms—a suspicion from which our modern ladies are unhappily not so free. Then, too, there was an utter ignorance of the bones and wires, the jackets, the buckram, and the accursed corsets. A woman was then made by the perfect mother—the sweet, balmy and blessing Nature herself. Her form was rounded in to grace, and lifted into dignity, by an easy movement, generous health, and limbs which need not to be compressed into unseemly, unsymmetrical, and sometimes any vulgar shapes.

From the Knickerbocker.

## The First Locomotive.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

[illegible]

"Where e'er I go, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

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## GEORGE P. SCHIVELY, SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 28 North Eleventh Street, Near Arch, Philadelphia.

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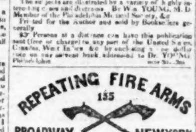

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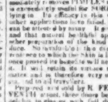

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## CHEAP BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

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## REMOVAL.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY, is removed from No. 6 North Fifth street, to Walnut street.

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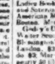

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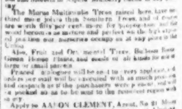

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